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SOCIETY VERSE
BY
AMERICAN WRITERS

SELECTED BY
ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON



NEW-YORK
BENJAMIN & BELL
1887

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THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW-YORK.

TO

MRS. JAMES BARROW

("AUNT FANNY")

To her friend
Mrs. Martha F. Faint
with love and esteem

Jan 1888

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PREFATORY NOTE.

In these degenerate days, when nearly every newspaper employs a professional verse writer, it would require a dozen bulky quartos to properly represent that melodious army who fill, or try to fill, our continent with song. The editor has only attempted in this collection of vers de société to present the best productions of the younger school of poets and poetasters, whose work still possesses the charm of novelty, and is worthy of being preserved.

Many of the verses in this volume have been gathered from the periodical literature of the past decade, and a number of excellent pieces are here published for the first time. When we consider that it is hardly more than a dozen years ago since society verse began to engage the attention of American writers, this collection certainly points to an encouraging future for our light school of song.

The congenial task which the editor began is now completed, and he would again renew his thanks to the authors and publishers who have made this volume a possibility and, may it be hoped?—a success.

ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON.

New-York, April 2, 1887.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The editor would acknowledge the courtesy of the following publishers in allowing the use of valuable copyrights: To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, selections from "Airs from Arcady," by H. C. Bunner; Cassell & Company, selections from "Oberon and Puck," by Helen Gray Cone, and "Pipes from Prairie Land," by Minnie Gilmore; D. Lothrop & Co., selections from "With Reed and Lyre," by Clinton Scollard, and "Post-Laureate Idyls," by Oscar Fay Adams; Henry Holt & Co., selections from "A Midsummer Lark," by W. A. Croffut; G. P. Putnam's Sons, for "The Game of Chess," by D. S. Foster, from "The Romance of the Unexpected"; Ticknor & Co., for selections from "Songs and Satires," by J. J. Roche; Keppler & Schwarzmann, for verses by C. C. Starkweather, A. E. Watrous, Ruth Hall, and R. K. Munkittrick; Harper & Brothers, for "De Convenance," by Mrs. M. P. Handy, in "Harper's Bazar"; the "Atlantic Monthly," for "A Boutonnière," by Charles H. Lüders; "The Judge" Publishing Co., for verses by DeWitt Sterry, and The Century Co. for the following selections from the Bric-à-Brac Department of "The Century Magazine," viz.:

"Marjorie's Kisses," "Time's Revenge," and "On the Fly-leaf of a Book of Old Plays," by Walter Learned; "To Mrs. Carlyle," and "The Message of the Rose," by Bessie Chandler; "A Theosophic Marriage," by H. J. W. Dam; "Her Bonnet," by Mary Wilkins; "The Morning After," by Harold Van Santvoord; "Last July," by Sophy Lawrence; "In Arcadia," by R. T. W. Duke; "Two Triplets," by Harrison Robertson, and "Rondeaux of Cities," by Robert Grant.

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WHERE ARE THE PIPES OF PAN?

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

IN these prosaic days
Of politics and trade,
When seldom Fancy lays
Her touch on man or maid,
The sounds are fled that strayed
Along sweet streams that ran;
Of song the world's afraid:
Where are the Pipes of Pan?

Within the busy maze
Wherein our feet are stayed,
There roam no gleesome fays
Like those which once repaid
His sight who first essayed
The stream of song to span;
Those spirits all are laid:
Where are the Pipes of Pan?

Dry now the poet's bays ;
Of song-robcs disarrayed
He hears not now the praise
Which erst those won who played
On pipes of rushes made,
Before dull days began
And love of song decayed :
Where are the Pipes of Pan ?

ENVOY.

Prince, all our pleasures fade ;
Vain all the toils of man ;
And Fancy cries dismayed,
" Where are the Pipes of Pan ? "

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

BENEATH the warrior's helm, behold
The flowing tresses of the woman !
Minerva, Pallas, what you will —
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading;
If not — then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses;
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn;
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,
 And set this vine-work round it running,
 Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
 Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he ? Was he glad or sad,
 Who knew to carve in such a fashion ?
 Perchance he graved the dainty head
 For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden place
 Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
 He flung the jewel at the feet
 Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know
 His happy or unhappy story :
 Nameless, and dead these centuries
 His work outlives him — there's his glory !

Both man and jewel lay in earth
 Beneath a lava-buried city ;
 The countless summers came and went
 With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
 The jewel fresh as any blossom,
 Till some Visconti dug it up —
 To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom.

O nameless brother ! See how Time
 Your gracious handiwork has guarded ;
See how your loving, patient art
 Has come at last to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
 And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate stone`
 On such a bosom rise and fall so !

YES?

H. C. BUNNER.

IS it true then, my girl, that you mean it —
The word spoken yesterday night?
Does that hour seem so sweet now between it
And this has come day's sober light?
Have you woke from a moment of rapture
To remember, regret, and repent,
And to hate, perchance, him who has trapped your
Unthinking consent?

Who was he, last evening— this fellow
Whose audacity lent him a charm?
Have you promised to wed Pulchinello
For life taking Figaro's arm?
Will you have the Court fool of the papers,
The clown in the journalists' ring
Who earns his scant bread by his capers,
To be your heart's king?

When we met quite by chance at the theater
And I saw you home under the moon,
I'd no thought, love, that mischief would be at her
Tricks with my tongue quite so soon;

That I should forget fate and fortune,
Make a difference 'twixt Sèvres and delf—
That I'd have the calm nerve to importune
You, sweet, for yourself.

It's appalling, by Jove, the audacious
Effrontery of that request !
But you—you grew suddenly gracious,
And hid your sweet face on my breast.
Why you did it I cannot conjecture ;
I surprised you, poor child, I dare say,
Or perhaps—does the moonlight affect your
Head often that way ?

You're released ! With some wooer replace me
More worthy to be your life's light ;
From the tablet of memory efface me,
If you don't mean the Yes of last night.
But, unless you are anxious to see me a
Wreck of the pipe and the cup,
In my birthplace and graveyard, Bohemia—
Love, don't give me up !

SHE WAS A BEAUTY.

(RONDEL.)

H. C. BUNNER.

SHE was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content,
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

JUST A LOVE-LETTER.

H. C. BUNNER.

"Miss Blank—at Blank. Jemima, let it go!"—AUSTIN DOBSON.

NEW-YORK, July 20th, 1883.

DEAR GIRL :

The town goes on as though
It thought you still were in it ;
The gilded cage seems scarce to know
That it has lost its linnet ;
The people come, the people pass ;
The clock keeps on a-ticking :
And through the basement plots of grass
Persistent weeds are pricking.

I thought 'twould never come—the Spring—
Since you had left the City ;
But on the snow-drifts lingering
At last the skies took pity,
Then Summer's yellow warmed the sun,
Daily decreasing distance—
I really don't know how 'twas done
Without your kind assistance.

Aunt Van, of course, still holds the fort :

I've paid the call of duty ;

She gave me one small glass of port —

'Twas '34 and fruity.

The furniture was draped in gloom

Of linen brown and wrinkled ;

I smelt in spots about the room

The pungent camphor sprinkled.

I sat upon the sofa, where

You sat and dropped your thimble —

You know — you said you didn't care ;

But I was nobly nimble.

On hands and knees I dropped, and tried

To — well, tried to miss it :

You slipped your hand down by your side —

You knew I meant to kiss it !

Aunt Van, I fear we put to shame

Propriety and precision :

But, praised be Love ! that kiss just came

Beyond your line of vision.

Dear maiden aunt ! the kiss, more sweet

Because 'tis surreptitious,

You never stretched a hand to meet,

So dimpled, dear, delicious.

I sought the Park last Saturday ;

I found the drive deserted ;

The water-trough beside the way

Sad and superfluous spurted.

I stood where Humboldt guards the gate
Bronze, bumptious, stained, and streaky—
There sat a sparrow on his pate,
A sparrow chirp and cheeky.

Ten months ago ! ten months ago ! —
It seems a happy second,
Against a life-time lone and slow,
By Love's wild time-piece reckoned —
You smiled, by Aunt's protecting side,
Where thick the drags were massing,
On one young man who didn't ride,
But stood and watched you passing.

I haunt Purcell's — to his amaze —
Not that I care to eat there ;
But for the dear clandestine days
When we two had to meet there.
Oh ! blessed is that baker's bake,
Past cavil and past question ;
I ate a bun for your dear sake,
And Memory helped Digestion.

The Norths are at their Newport ranch ;
Van Brunt has gone to Venice ;
Loomis invites me to the Branch,
And lures me with lawn-tennis.
O bustling barracks by the sea !
O spiles, canals, and islands !
Your varied charms are naught to me —
My heart is in the Highlands !

My paper trembles in the breeze
That all too faintly flutters
Among the dusty city trees,
And through my half-closed shutters :
A northern captive in the town,
Its native vigor deadened,
I hope that, as it wandered down,
Your dear pale cheek it reddened.

I'll write no more. A *vis-à-vis*
In halcyon vacation
Will sure afford a much more free
Mode of communication ;
I'm tantalized and cribbed and checked
In making love by letter :
I know a style more brief, direct —
And generally better !

A SEASIDE INCIDENT.

VANDYKE BROWN.

“WHY, Bob, you dear old fellow,
Where have you been these years?
In Egypt, India, Khiva,
With the Khan’s own volunteers?
Have you scaled the Alps or Andes,
Sailed to Isles of Amazons?
What climate, Bob, has wrought the change
Your face from brown to bronze?”

She placed a dimpled hand in mine
In the same frank, friendly way;
We stood once more on the dear old beach,
And it seemed but yesterday
Since, standing on this same white shore,
She said, with eyelids wet,
“Good-bye. You may remember, Bob,
But I shall not forget.”

I held her hand and whispered low,
“Madge, darling, what of the years —
The ten long years that have intervened
Since, through the mist of tears,

We said good-bye on this same white beach
Here by the murmuring sea ?
You, Madge, were then just twenty,
And I was twenty-three."

A crimson blush came to her cheek,
"Hush, Bob," she quickly said ;
"Let's look at the bathers in the surf —
There's Nellie and Cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly gentleman
On the shady side of life ?"
"Oh, he belongs to our party, too —
In fact, Bob, I'm his wife !

"And I tell you, Bob, it's an awful thing,
The way he does behave :
Flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk —
Bob, why do you look so grave ?"
"The fact is, Madge — I — well, ahem !
Oh, nothing at all, my dear —
Except that she of the steel-gray silk
Is the one I married last year."

CALLED BACK.

ALBERT ELLERY BERG.

THERE'S a lull in this dull Lenten season
Of dressing and dancing, et cet. —
My thoughts turn from folly and treason,
To one whom I cannot forget ;
Your last note is now almost yellow ;
We quarreled—the usual way ;
I smiled upon some other fellow,
Because you were flirting with May.

And when we went home from the party,
Your looks were as cold as the air ;
I, too, was reserved, and no hearty
Good-night kiss was asked for Mon Cher !
The next day I wrote you a letter
Affecting a dignified tone,
And told you I thought it were better
In future to leave me alone.

My pride led me then to deceive you,
To tell you my love was all dead,
So foolish was I to believe you
Would read 'twixt the lines — but instead—

You thought me in earnest, and parted,
To worship society's calf;
But, Jack, I am now broken-hearted,
And you are too tender by half.

We have been far too much to each other,
To sever for nothing at all,
And if you have not found another,
Why, then — you are welcome to call.
There's always a seat at our table,
A place for you still in my heart;
So, Jack, if you think you are able,
Come back and rehearse your old part!

A CANDID PROPOSAL.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

I LOVE you, love you ! love you ! ! — yet confess
A consciousness of trifling does come o'er me
When all the other shapes of loveliness
To whom I've said the same thing rise before me.
They were, you are, the idol of my heart ;
An idol it must have — which must be kissed. Hence
That which was once but of my life a part
Is now my whole existence.

I see a scornful light grow in your eyes,
And yet they shine like stars half hid by mists
Magnificent ! You are the fairest prize
My errant heart e'er fought for in love's lists.
You see, I'm candid ; you have bowled me over,
And now I drink and dine and bathe in love ;
I puzzled half an hour just to discover
The perfume of your glove !

But now all empty was this heart of mine ;
Some woman must be in it. With that rose
Give me yourself, and walk into the shrine
Its sovereign goddess. In short, I propose —
My ! Won't the Johnson-Mowbrays be enraged !
This summer's changed the lot of many a rover —
That you and I be genuinely engaged
Until the season's over !

TO A FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

SO, Henri, you will take the leap
At which so often you have laughed;
You must have taken many a peep
While Hymen's garden wall you chaffed!

There never was a likely lad
Who didn't some time want to marry;
I hear you "have it pretty bad"—
Sly dog, you fetched, now you must carry!

No more late suppers at the club,
No more the quiet poker party;
You've had your outing—there's the rub—
You must keep innings now, my hearty!

Henceforth the dear domestic hearth
Shall light the limits of your vision;
Henceforth your dearest joys on earth
Be those that once were your derision!

I see you, Henri, walk the floor,
I hear you groan—it must be colic;
I hear a faint infantile roar—
Behold your early morning frolic!

A thousand times I wish you joy,
Bright be the paths where Hymen's beckoned;
Keep a stiff upper lip, my boy,
And here's a health to Henri II.!

AN IVORY MINIATURE.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

WHEN State street homes were stately still,
When out of town was Murray Hill,
In late deceased "old times"
Of vast, embowering bonnet shapes
And creamy-crinkled Canton crapes
And florid annual rhymes,

He owned a small suburban seat
Where now you see a modern street,
A monochrome of brown :
The sad "brown brown" of Dante's dreams,
A twilight turned to stone that seems
To weight our city down.

Through leafy chestnuts whitely showed
The pillared front of his abode :
A garden girt it 'round,
Where pungent box did trim enclose
The marigold and cabbage rose,
And "pi'ny" heavy crowned.

Yea, whatso sweets the changing year's,
He most affected. Gone ! but here's

His face who loved him so.
Old cheeks like sherry, warm and mild;
A clear-hued cheek as cheek of child;
Sleek head a sphere of snow.

His mouth was pious, and his nose
Patrician ; with which mould there goes
A disaffected view
In those sublime, be-oratored,
Spread-eagle days ; his soul deplored
So *much* red-white-and-blue !

In umber ink, with S's long,
He left behind him censure strong
In stiffest phrases clothed !
But time — a pleasant jest enough ! —
Has turned the tory leaves to buff,
The liberal hue he loathed.

Of many a gentle deed he made
Brief, simple record. Never fade
Those everlasting flowers
That spring up wild by good men's walks ;
Opinions wither on their stalks,
And sere grow Fashion's bowers.

Erect, befrilled, in neckcloth tall,
His semblance sits, removed from all
Our needs and noises new ;
Released from all the rent we pay
As tenants of the large To-day,
Cool, in a back-ground blue.

And he beneath a cherub chipped
Plump, squamous-pinioned, pouting-lipped,
Sleeps calm where Trinity
Points fingers dark to clouds that fleet;
A warning, seen from surging street,
A welcome seen from sea.

There fall, ghosts glorified of tears
Shed for the dead in buried years,
The silver notes of chimes;
And there, with not unreverent hand
Though light, I lay this "greene garland,"
This woven wreath of rhymes.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart
lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to
please,
Yet I think that any season to have met her was to love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness
of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious
lines ;
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest
reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens
which were her eyes.

As in paradise I listened—ah, I did not understand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human
hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
When she said that she should study Elocution in the
fall!

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein;
 She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against
 the payne
 And the beacon-light a-t-r-r-remble"—which, although it
 made me wince,
 Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered
 since.

Having heard the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melt-
 ing Mo-o-an,
 And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have
 liquefied a stone.
 Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
 And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The
 Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
 Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs
 in frenzy roll;
 What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me
 grievous pain
 That she rose in social gatherings, and Searched among
 the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her in my desperation dumb,
 Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
 She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very
 least,
 As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming; some one played a
polonaise

I associated strongly with those happier August days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs
forgotten quite —

Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish: "Curfew SHALL
not ring to-night!"

Ah, that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm
romance —

Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in
France?

Oh, as she "cul-limbed" that ladder, swift my mounting
hope came down,

I am still a single cynic; she is still Cassandra Brown!

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

He.

SHE gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
And I — I'm a fool, I suppose,
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.
Had she given me more than the rose?

I thought that she had for a little while
Till I saw her, fairest of dancers,
Give another rose with the same sweet smile
To another man in the Lancers.

Well, roses are plenty, and smiles not rare —
It is really rather audacious
To grumble because my lady fair
Is to other men kind and gracious.

Yet who can govern his wayward dreams?
And my dream so precious and bright
Now foolish, broken, and worthless seems
As it fades with her rose to-night!

She.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night,
A deep-red rose, with a fragrance dim,
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright
I could not, dared not, look at him.

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan ;
His earnest look I could not bear ;
So I gave a rose to another man
Any one else — I did not care.

And yet, spite of all, he has read, I know,
My message — he could not have missed it ;
For *his* rose I held to my bosom, so,
And then to my lips while I kissed it.

TO MRS. CARLYLE.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

I HAVE read your glorious letters,
Where you threw aside all fetters,
Spoke your thoughts and mind out freely,
In your own delightful style;
And I fear my state's alarming,
For these pages are so charming
That my heart I lay before you,—
Take it, Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

And I sit here, thinking, thinking
How your life was one long winking
At poor Thomas' faults and failings
And his undue share of bile.
Won't you own, dear, just between us,
That this living with a genius
Isn't after all so pleasant,—
Is it, Jeannie Welsh Carlyle?

There was nothing so demeaning
In those frequent times of cleaning,
When you scoured and scrubbed and hammered
In such true housewifely style,

And those charming teas and dinners,
Graced by clever saints and sinners,
 Make me long to have been present
 With you, Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

How you fought with dogs and chickens,
Playing children, and the dickens
 Knows what else ; you stilled all racket
 That might Thomas' sleep beguile.
How you wrestled with the taxes,
How you ground T. Carlyle's axes,
 Making him the more dependent
 On you, Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

Through it all from every quarter
Gleams, like sunshine on the water,
 Your quick sense of fun and humor
 And your bright, bewitching smile ;
And I own I fairly revel
In the way that you say "devil,"—
 'Tis so terse, so very vigorous,
 So like Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

All the time, say, were you missing
Just a little love and kissing —
 Silly things that help to lighten
 Many a weary, dreary while?
Not a word you say to show it,—
We may guess, but never know it,—
 You went quietly on without it,
 Loyal Jeannie Welsh Carlyle.

THE STORK'S JEREMIAD.

BESSIE CHANDLER.

“ONE-LEGGÈD stork, thou standest sad and lonely,
A tear, methinks, I notice in thine eye.
Oh, tell to me — yes, whisper to me only —
What is the sorrow that I think I spy?”

And lo! from out the meshes of the tidy
There came a feeble, mournful sort of squeak.
And, while amazed I opened my eyes wide, he
Opened his mouth, and thus began to speak:

“I am so very tired of being artistic;
My life is one long, patient, painful ache;
I am so wearied of these weird and mystic
Positions which they force my form to take.

“In crewels, silks, in worsted and in cotton,
Now black, now white, now grave, now madly gay,
They’ve worked me; and one wrong is unforgotten
They’ve done me most and worst in appliqué.

“Sometimes they plant me ’mid some rushes speary
In attitudes no well-bred stork would take,
Holding one leg up, till I get so weary
I sometimes think my poor strained back will break.

"They've worked me standing, running, sleeping, flying ;
Sometimes I'm gazing at a crewel sun.
They've worked me every way, I think, but dying ;
And oh ! I wish they'd do that and be done !

"I could forgive them all this bitter wronging
If they would grant one favor, which I beg,
Would gratify but once my soul's deep longing,
Just to put down my cramped and unused leg.

"Know you of any one with sorrows greater ?
A creature with a life that's more forlorn ?
Hounded forever by the Decorator,
I wish, I wish, I never had been born !"

A silence fell ; I gazed ; he had subsided.
I listened vainly ; all was dumb and still
Upon the tidy where the stork resided,
With upheld leg and red and open bill.

IN SWITZERLAND.

W. A. CROFFUT.

AT Chamouny I woke one morn,
Hearing afar an Alpine horn
Upon some glacier to the north,
And thought, although it rained forlorn,
To saunter forth.

There, in the hall, outside a door,
Waiting their owners, on the floor
I saw two shiny pairs of shoes,
One pair was eights — or, may be, more ;
The other, twos.

I wondered who those gaiters wore
That such a look of courage bore :
They seemed alert and battle-scarred,
And all their heels were wounded sore
On mountain shard.

The lofty insteps spurned the ground
As if up high Olympus bound ;
The tireless soles were worn away ;
The smooth and taper toes were round
And *retroussé*.

Sudden my envious thought essayed
To count the conquest they had made,
 And all their pilgrimages view ;
O'er glen and glacier, gorge and glade,
 My fancy flew.

I saw them thread the Brunig Pass ;
I saw them scale the Mer de Glace,
 And Riffleberg, beyond Zermatt ;
I saw them mount the mighty mass
 Of G rner Grat.

I saw them climb Bernina's height ;
I saw them bathe in Rosa's light
 And linger by the Giessbach Fall ;
I saw them grope in Gondo's night
 And M nster Thal ;

I saw them find the Jungfrau's head
And leap the Grimsel gorges dread,
 And bound o'er Col de Collon's ice ;
And on Belle Tola's summit tread
 The edelweiss.

The vision shamed my listless mood,
Banished my inert lassitude,
 And fired me with intent sublime ;
I vowed when sunshine came I would
 Go forth and climb.

With new ambition I arose,
Blessed the foot-gear from heels to toes
 (One pair was eights ; the other, twos),
And thanked the owners brave of those
 Heroic shoes.

A THEOSOPHIC MARRIAGE.

HENRY J. W. DAM.

SHE was a theosophic miss
Who sighed for sweet Nirvana
She talked of esoteric this
And that in mystic manner.
She wore a wide and psychic smile,
Used diction transcendental ;
Two suitors her besieged meanwhile
Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland
Who wore a lofty collar ;
He knew not things were hollow
And he chased the nimble dollar.
The other was a soulful youth
Who talked of things symbolic,
Enamored quite of inner truth
And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love
In tones that made her shudder ;
The other soared with her above
The mystic realms of Buddha.
She sent the first upon his way
With snub unmitigated ;

Upon the other smiled, and they
 By Hymen were translated.

* * * *

Within a lofty Harlem flat
 She's found her sweet Nirvana;
 She does not think of this and that
 As marshy zephyrs fan her.
 She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
 And spanketh Zoroaster,
 And mends their transcendental clothes,
 Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve
 The mysteries eternal,
 But for some reason can't evolve
 A salary diurnal.
 He still floats on to cycles new,
 But fills his astral body
 With — not the Cheelah's milky brew,
 But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
 And objurgates her Latin,
 To daily see the drummer's wife
 Drive by her, clad in satin.
 She has been heard, in fact, to say,
 When somewhat discontented,
 "Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
 Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
 I think, in love, the good old way
 By far the best invented."

IN ARCADIA.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

BECAUSE I choose to keep my seat,
Nor join the giddy dancers' whirl,
I pray you, do not laugh, my girl,
Nor ask me why I find it sweet
In my old age to watch your glee,—
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
Quite out of place in scenes like this,
You can't imagine how much bliss
It gives me just to sit and dream,
As you flit by me gracefully,
How I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes
A vanished summer buds and blows,
And with the same bright cheeks of rose
I see your mother's image rise,
And, o'er a long and weary track,
My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
On your sweet form my swimming glance,
I think your mother used to dance

Just as you do, in that dead past
Long years ago — yes, fifty-three —
When I, too, dwelt in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
I seem to hear old voices ring
That have been hushed, ah, many a spring ;
And round about me faintly floats
The echo of a melody
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth, — nay, do not blush, —
The boy's his father o'er again ;
And hark ye, miss ! I was not plain
When at his age — what ! must I hush ?
He's coming this way ? Yes, I see, —
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

•

AN OLD BACHELOR TO AN OLD MAID.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

I N early spring the song-birds sing,
This is Love's season. Soon shall spread
A carpet green before his feet,
And crocuses and snowdrops bring
A wreath to crown his lovely head.
This is Love's season,— sweet, sweet, sweet!

Then, youths and maidens, while ye may,
Your sweethearts choose before the light
That shines on springtime shall retreat.
For, once that light has passed away,
Life knows again no hours so bright,
So full of gladness,— sweet, sweet, sweet.

Now, I believe the birds are wrong,—
That is, not altogether right,—
Love may with partial eyes behold
The spring, but yet, the whole year long
He smiles with tenderest delight
On all true lovers, young and old.

And though your early summer's fled,
And though my autumn's almost here,
The lilies, blessed with love divine,
Shall take the place of roses dead.
Will you consent to pluck them, dear,
With me, and be my valentine?

THE GAME OF CHESS.

DAVID S. FOSTER.

'T WAS stinging, blustering, winter weather;
How well I recollect the night!
When Kate and I played chess together.
Her beauty in the hearth-fire's light
Seemed more Madonna-like and rosy;
The hours were swift, the room was cozy,
The windows frosted silvery white.

Even now I see that grave face resting
Upon the hand, so white and small;
I see that mystic grace, suggesting
A painter's dream; I oft recall
Her glance, now anxious, gay, or tender;
The girlish form, complete yet slender,
In silhouette against the wall.

It was not strange that I was mated,
For 'twas my fondly cherished aim.
I longed to speak, but I was fated;
The rightful opening never came.
I pawned my heart for her sweet favor,
With every look some vantage gave her,
An so, alas! I lost the game.

Since then, by fortune, love, forsaken,
Through checkered years I've passed and seen
My castles fall, my pawns all taken,
My spotless knights prove traitors mean ;
And worn with many a check, I wander
Like the poor vanquished king, and ponder
With sadness on my long-lost queen.

BALLADE OF THE ROSE.

H. C. FAULKNER.

TELL me, red rose, what you were bid,—
 You know her secret ; you she wore
Shy, nestling in her hair, half hid
 By jealous golden curls a score,
 As waves half timid kiss the shore,
Then tremble were they bold or no ;
 I kiss you, blushing token, for
She loves me,— rose, you tell me so.

I softly raise your scented lid,
 Where, sleeping since some dawn of yore,
A crystal dewdrop lies amid
 The downy crimson of your core.
 I am not versed in Cupid's lore ;
But so I think her blushing glow
 Soft guards the love I sue her for.
She loves me,— rose, you tell me so.

And when her hand, in dainty kid,
Gave you to me, as ne'er before
It fluttered, tried itself to rid
Of fetters that it never wore,
Why trembled she? My eyes would pour
My love in hers,— why did she so?
Was it because she hates me, or —
She loves me,— rose, you tell me so.

L'ENVOY.

Rose, come you not ambassador
From Cupid's court, to let me know
Love yields at last? Speak, I implore!
She loves me,— rose, you tell me so.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

H. C. FAULKNER.

"*DEAR MR. BROWN*,"— I know she meant

"Dear Jack"; that D with sentiment

Is overweighted.

Shy little love! she did not dare;

That flutter in the M shows where

She hesitated.

The darling girl! what loving heed

She gives the strokes; it does not need

Great penetration

To note the lingering, trusting touch;

As if to write to me were such

A consolation.

"*The flowers came; so kind of you.*

A thousand thanks!" Oh, fie! Miss Prue,

The line betrays you.

You know just there you sent a kiss;

You meant that blot to tell me this,

And it obeys you.

"*They gave me such a happy day.*

I love them all. She meant to say,

"Because you sent them."

But then, you see, the page is small ;
She wrote in haste — the words — and all,—
I know she *meant* them.

*" At night I kept them near me, too,
And dreamt of them,"* she wrote, " and you,"

But would erase it.
Did she but have one tender thought
That perished with the blush it brought,
My love would trace it.

" This morning all the buds have blown."
That flourish surely is " Your own ; "
'Tis written queerly ;
She meant it so. Ah, useless task
To hide your love 'neath such a mask
As that " Sincerely."

" Prudence." Those tender words confess
As much to me as a caress ;
And, Prue, you know it.
But then, to tease me, you must add
Your other name, although you had
Scarce space to do it.

A dash prolonged across the sheet
To close the note ? — the little cheat,—
No. When she penned it
She meant its quavering length to say
That she could write to me for aye,
And never end it.

Prue ! Love is like the flame that glows
Unseen till, lightly fanned, it grows

Too fierce to quell it.

And mine ! Ah, mine is unconfessed ;

. But now,—that dash and all the rest,—

I'll have to tell it.

BALLADE OF THE BALCONY.

H. C. FAULKNER.

He.

CHEEKS that are *shirato* white,
Eyes that are deep *nankin* blue,
Heart that I fear me is quite
Hardened as porcelain too.

She.

Antique, of course, and a fright!
Porcelain never is new.

He.

I know this passionless sprite,
Sweet Miss Thalia; do you?
Fickle as May —

She.

And as bright?

He.

Dances each night until two,
Flirts on the lake by moonlight.

She.

Some one must row the canoe.
Ah, lovely empress of night!
Maidens must worship thee —

He.

Pooh !

I hardly think this is right,

Sweet Miss Thalia ; do you ?

She.

But, if it give her delight ?

Lovers are sadly too few.

He.

Yet, if she loved a poor wight,

One, I should fancy, would do.

She.

Yes ; but is not the bold knight

Sometimes a laggard to woo ?

He.

Think you she loves him a mite,

Sweet Miss Thalia ; do you ?

L'ENVOY.

She.

Pray, sir ! your arms are too tight !

He.

Knights kissed their lady-loves true.

She.

Then I think — mayhap — you — might —

He.

Sweet Miss Thalia, do you ?

RONDEAUX OF CITIES.

ROBERT GRANT.

I.

RONDEAU A LA BOSTON.

A CULTURED mind! Before I speak
The words, sweet maid, to tinge thy cheek
With blushes of the nodding rose
That on thy breast in beauty blows,
I prithee satisfy my freak.

Canst thou read Latin and eke Greek?
Dost thou for knowledge pine and peek?
Hast thou, in short, as I suppose,
A cultured mind?

Some men require a maiden meek
Enough to eat at need the leek;
Some lovers crave a classic nose,
A liquid eye, or faultless pose;
I none of these. I only seek
A cultured mind.

IV.

RONDEAU À LA NEW-YORK.

A POT of gold ! O mistress fair,
With eyes of brown that pass compare,
Ere I on bended knee express
The love which you already guess,
I fain would ask a small affair.

Hast thou, my dear, an ample share
Of this world's goods ? Will thy proud père
Disgorge, to gild our blessedness,
A pot of gold ?

Some swains for mental graces care ;
Some fall a prey to golden hair ;
I am not blind, I will confess,
To intellect or comeliness ;
Still let these go beside, *ma chère*,
A pot of gold.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY.

YOU were a haughty beauty, Polly,
 (That was in the play,)
I was the lover melancholy,
 (That was in the play.)
And when your fan and you receded,
And all my passion lay unheeded,
If still with tenderer words I pleaded,
 That was in the play !

I met my rival at the gateway,
 (That was in the play,)
And so we fought a duel straightway,
 (That was in the play.)
But when Jack hurt my arm unduly,
And you rushed over, softened newly,
And kissed me, Polly ! truly, truly,
 Was that in the play ?

LO AND LU.

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY.

WHEN we began this never-ended,
Kind companionship,
Childish greetings lit the splendid
Laughter at the lip;
You were ten and I eleven;
Henceforth, as we knew,
Was all mischief under heaven
Set down to Lo and Lu.

Long we fought and cooed together,
Held an equal reign,
Snowballs could we fire and gather,
Twine a clover chain;
Sing in G an A flat chorus
'Mid the tuneful crew —
No harmonious angels o'er us
Taught us, Lo or Lu.

Pleasant studious times have seen us
Arm in arm of yore,
Learned books, well thumbed between us,
Spread along the floor;

Perched in pine tops, sunk in barley,
 Rogues where rogues were few,
 Right or wrong in deed or parley,
 Comrades, Lo and Lu.

Which could leap where banks were wider,
 Mock the cat-bird's call?
 Which preside and pop the cider
 At a festival?
 Who became the finer stoic,
 Stabbing trouble through,
 Thrilled to hear of things heroic
 Oftener, Lo or Lu?

Earliest, blithest! then and ever
 Mirror of my heart!
 Grow we old and wise and clever
 Now, so far apart;
 Still as tender as a mother's
 Floats our prayer for two;
 Neither yet can spare the other's
 "God bless—Lo and Lu!"

AFTER THE BALL.

MINNIE GILMORE.

O H, little glove, do I but dream I hold thee,
So warm, so sweet, and tawny as her hair?
Nay! from her hand I dared unfold thee,
As we went down the stair.

She said no word; she did not praise nor blame me;
She is so proud, so proud and cold and fair!
Ah! dear my love, thy silence did not shame me
As we went down the stair.

Thy dark eyes flashed; thy regal robes arrayed thee
In queenly grace, and pride beyond compare;
But on thy cheek a sudden red betrayed thee,
As we went down the stair.

O lady mine, some near night will I prove thee!
By this soft glove I know that I may dare
Take thy white hand and whisper, "Sweet, I love thee,"
As we go down the stair.

A LOST FRIEND.

MINNIE GILMORE.

YOUR soul, that for years I have counted
An open book, read to the end,
Is lettered all strange, since a lover
Looks out from the eyes of a friend.

The white pages now are turned rosy,
The chapters are numbered anew,
The old plot is lost, and the hero
Who, up to last night, was just you —

Just dear old friend Jack, and no other,
To-night is a stranger, I vow ;
And though I am fain to be gracious,
The truth is, I scarcely know how.

Where now is your celibate gospel ?
What now of Love's follies and faults ?
Refuted last night when your lips, sir,
Chasséed o'er my cheek in the waltz.

Life-faith we swore, friendly fraternal
To keep it — ah me ! half a year

And I, Chloris now to your Strephon,
Accept my new rôle with a tear,—

A tear for the dear old days ended,
A tear for the friend lost for aye,
For careless old comradeship fleeing
Forever before Love to-day.

Dear, read me aright! Though words falter,
And lips prove but dumb, your heart hears ;
The Jack of to-day I love truly,
Yet oh for the Jack of old years !

BALLADE OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

(IRREGULAR.)

RUTH HALL.

IN the dazzling blue and white of the tiles
As a mirror my dear love's face I spy ;
From the mantel tree she looks down and smiles,
While my heart goes up in an answering sigh.
It's I am so lowly and she is so high,
My bashful hope how could I confess,
But an English pug, and yet dare to cry
For the love of a china shepherdess ?

She leans on the crook — oh, her winning wiles !
From my mistress' lap, where I idly lie,
I watch, and I wish there were miles and miles
(While my heart goes up in an answering sigh)
'Twixt her and that boy with the butterfly.
So pretty is he in his peasant dress,
And so plain beside him, how should I try
For the love of a china shepherdess ?

There's an Angora cat my bark reviles,
Did I love, mayhap she would make reply;
But no ! to the mantel tree's dim defiles
(While my heart goes up in an answering sigh)
All possible bliss must pass me by,
And no one shall ever the secret guess :
An unlucky dog is in misery
For love of a china shepherdess.

L'ENVOY.

Ah, many a wight of more wit than I
Is dying to live and living to die —
Would give up his heart and his soul — no less
For love of a china shepherdess !

WINTER'S WOOING.

RUTH HALL.

DEAR heart of mine, true heart of mine,
'Tis time o' year for valentine ;
Grim Winter doth his silence break
Now, love to make, for April's sake ;
Wild flow'rs entreat her face to greet
When she shall come and make all sweet
Before the light touch of her feet.

Dear heart of mine, own heart of mine,
Ah, well may Winter loud repine !
She turns before her suitor bold :
He is so old, he is so cold —
No ! dear is May, and near is May,
He cannot, now, be far away,
And so she says old Winter, Nay.

Dear heart of mine, sweet heart of mine,
Shall love meet love and make no sign ?
The weeks they come, the weeks they go ;
Nor Winter's snow nor Summer's glow
Can chill the land, can thrill the land,
As look of eye and touch of hand
May those true souls who *understand* !

TOO LEARNED.

RUTH HALL.

MA says I am lucky as I can be
To marry Professor Gaunt,
And Pa says he wonders what he can see
In a girl like me to want;
And at first no one was prouder than I
(His fame is world-wide, you know),
But — I must tell some one or I shall die —
Nell, it is awfully slow.

I thought he'd come wooing like other men,
In spite of being so wise,
And say he loved me again and again,
And praise my hair and my eyes.
But he talks of things I can't understand,
Of fossils and snakes and shells;
He never dreams of holding my hand,
Or bringing me caramels.

I want a lover to talk of love,
Smooth my hair and look at me;
I want him to call me "Darling" and "Dove,"
And pull me down on his knee;
I want him to write me foolish rhymes,
To give me some little surprise:
Well, I can't help it, I wish sometimes
He wasn't so awfully wise!

MRS. GOLIGHTLY.

GERTRUDE HALL.

THE time is come to speak, I think;
For on the square I met
My beauteous widow, fresh and pink,
Her black gown touched at every brink
With tender violet.

And at her throat the white *crêpe lisse*
Spoke in a fluffy bow
Of woe that should perhaps ne'er cease,
(Peace to thy shade, Golightly, peace!)
Yet mitigated woe.

In her soft eye, that used to scan
The ground, nor seem to see,
The hazel legend sweetly ran,
"I *could* not wholly hate a man
For quite adoring me."

And when she drew her 'kerchief fine,
A hint of heliotrope
Its snow, edged with an inky line,
Exhaled — from which scent you divine
Through old regrets new hope.

And then her step — so soft and slow,
She scarcely seemed to lift

From off the sward her widowed toe,
One year — one little year ago! —
So soft yet, yet so swift;

Then, too, her blush, her side glance coy,
Tell me in easy Greek,—
(I wonder could her little boy
Prove source of serious annoy?)
The time is come to speak.

AFTER THE WINTER.

W. J. HENDERSON.

AFTER the winter is passed and over
And summer is seeking the swift-flown spring,
After the blossoms are blown on the clover
And fanned all day by the bee's light wing,
What shall we do with the love that we played at
Under the tremor of ball-room light,
When you, in your satin and pearls arrayed, at
Will reigned supreme, the queen of the night?

Where shall we bury it, now that it's ended?
A season's too long for a love-play to live —
A love that I know well you never intended
A single wild throb of perfection to give.
Oh, you and I may but trifle with passion,
And sip not a taste of its keen, strong wine;
I may but dream that I mould and fashion
Your heart to beat with a love like mine.

Love that is more than a sweet hour's dreaming
Owneth no place in a world like ours,
Where there is only a wan, cold seeming,
Shamed by the warm, true blush of the flowers.
And yet — I love thee, as well thou knowest,
Although thy love was a winter's play;
And my heart is with thee, wherever thou goest,
E'en to the far, dusk ends of the day.

PALMISTRY.

W. J. HENDERSON.

O H, give me, Eve, that lily hand —
Nay, start not with that sudden glow —
See, palmistry I understand ;
I'll read these lines before I go.

This head-line's full and broad and long ;
I know by that to thought you're wed,
And carry culture rich and strong
Within that graceful, gold-crown'd head.

This line of life is straight and deep :
By that I know your future's fair ;
Some happiness shall wake from sleep
To light your life with blessings rare.

This heart-line is so true — ah, well,
One knows that looking in your face
And in your eyes, that truly tell
How rich the heart must be in grace.

Nay, more I dare not tell, I vow ;
I can't — perhaps you may divine —
But don't you think, pray tell me, now,
Your hand fits very well in mine ?

A BOUTONNIÈRE.

JEROME A. HART.

A BOUTONNIÈRE! A dainty thing—
Were I a poet I would sing
In flowing verse thy beauties rare,
O boutonnière!

The steel-clad knight wore on his crest
A ribbon from his lady's breast;
The modern lover still doth wear
Her boutonnière.

A bud from her corsage bouquet,
Some heliotrope in volute spray,
A tendril, too, of maiden's-hair —
Ah, boutonnière,

Those tendrils wind around my heart,
The rose-bud's thorns have made me smart —
Would I could think thou wert no snare,
O boutonnière!

ALNASCHAR — NEW-YORK, 1887.

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

WHERE was I last week ? At the Skinners' ;
It's really a nice place to dine :
The old man gives capital dinners,
And is rather a good judge of wine.
The daughters are stylish and pretty
Nice girls ! eh ? Don't know them, you say ?
Indeed ! That is really a pity ;
I'll take you there with me some day.

You'll be pleased with the eldest — Miss Carrie ;
But Maude's rather more in my style.
By George ! if a fellow could marry,
There's a girl who would make it worth while !
But it costs such a lot when you're doubled ;
You must live in some style,—there's the rub.
Now, a single man isn't so troubled,
It's always good form at the club.

As to Maude, she'd say yes in a minute,
If I asked for her hand, I dare say :
Soft, white hand,—if a fortune were in it,
I'd ask her to have me to-day.

Father rich ? Well, you know there's no knowing
How a man will cut up till he's dead.
Have I looked at his tax-list ? I'm going
To do it ; old boy, that's well said !

But even rich fathers aren't willing
Always to come down with the pelf ;
They'll say they began with a shilling,
And think you can do it yourself.
What's that paper, just there ? The *Home Journal* ?
What's the news in society, eh ?
ENGAGED ! Now, by all the infernal —
It can't be ; pass it over this way.

Hm ! “ Reception, Club breakfast, Grand dinner.
“ We learn that the charming Miss Maude,
Youngest daughter of Thomas O. Skinner,
Is engaged to George Jones,” — He's a fraud ! —
“ Of the firm of Jones, Skinner & Baker.
The marriage will take place in May.”
Hang the girl for a flirt, the deuce take her !
Well, what are you laughing at, eh ?

DE CONVENANCE.

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

SO glad you are here for the wedding!
I want you to see my trousseau.
Pa gave me *carte blanche* for the outfit,—
'Tis all he need give me, you know.
'Tisn't every girl marries three millions,
And so he's as pleased as can be.
Here's the dress dear, white satin, Worth's latest,
And the flounces and veil real point: see!

The girls are all dying with envy.
Last summer at Newport, the way
They courted the man for his money
Was disgusting, I really must say.
Oh, Tiffany's keeping my diamonds —
I shouldn't feel safe with them here;
I think they will make a sensation;
No bride has had finer this year.

Of course we are going to Europe,
The state-rooms are taken and all;
How long we shall stay I don't know, but
I guess until late in the fall.

When we get back, I'll give a grand party.

The house he is building up town
Will be something superb when it's finished;
I wish the man's name wasn't Brown!

In love with him? Jule! why, you're joking;
He's fifty at least, if a day;
But then, he is really in love, dear,—
I'm sure I shall have my own way.
You know I was never romantic;
If he wants a pretty young wife,
Why, I don't object to be petted
And worshiped the rest of my life.

It's wicked to marry for money? .
Oh, yes, but who likes being poor?
Don't they say love flies out of the window
When poverty darkens the door?
I did come near falling in love once
With the handsomest fellow in town,
An artist, with nothing but talent —
My stars! how the pater did frown!

But now he's delighted. Three millions!
What well-brought-up girl dare refuse?
And the other girls' mothers are wishing
Their own daughters stood in my shoes.
There's my *fiancé* now. See his horses!
Perhaps he does look rather grim.
And what of the other young artist?
Ah, well, we won't talk about him!

A BOUTONNIÈRE.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

A DEWY fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And leads the rillet of my rhymes
From city gutters, gusts, and grimes
To lowland fields and fences.

I seem to see, as I inhale
This perfume faint and fleeting,
Green hillsides sloping to a vale,
Whose leafy shadows screen the pale
Wood-flowers from noonday's greeting.

I hear the song — the sweet heartache —
Of just a pair of thrushes ;
And hear, half dreaming, half awake,
The ripple of a streamlet break
Their momentary hushes.

And why, dear heart, do I to-day,
Hemmed in by court and alley,
Seem lost in haunts of faun and fay ?
Look ! — on my coat I've pinned your spray
Of lilies of the valley.

DECEPTION.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

I T took just a day to discover
That all my precautions were *nil*.
I loved her — ah ! how I did love her —
And, I must confess, love her still.

As we walked where the moon lit the woolly
White back of each in-coming wave,
She seemed to reciprocate fully
The tender affection I gave.

We parted. Last week she was married :
The wedding was private and nice.
On leaving, the couple were harried
With slippers and handfuls of rice.

And now she is back in the city,
Installed in the coziest home,
With a husband who thinks it a pity
An hour from his “precious” to roam.

And I—well, I count myself lucky ;
And need no consoling, for she —
The dear little darling, the “ducky” —
Was good enough to — marry *me*.

MY MEERSCHAUMS.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

LONG pipes and short ones, straight and curved,
High carved and plain, dark-hued and creamy ;
Slim tubes for cigarettes reserved,
And stout ones for Havanas dreamy.

This cricket on an amber spear
Impaled, recalls that golden weather
When love and I, too young to fear
Heartburn, smoked cigarettes together.

And even now — too old to take
The little papered shams for flavor —
I light it oft for her sweet sake
Who gave it, with her girlish favor.

And here's the mighty student bowl
Whose tutoring in and after college
Has led me nearer Wisdom's goal
Than all I learned of text-book knowledge.

"It taught me?" Aye, to hold my tongue,
To keep a-light and yet burn slowly ;
To break ill spells about me flung
As with the enchanted whiff of Moly !

This narghileh, whose hue betrays
Perique from soft Louisiana,
In Egypt once beguiled the days
Of Tewfik's dreamy-eyed Sultana.

Speaking of color, do you know
A maid with eyes as darkly splendid
As are the hues that rich and slow
On this Hungarian bowl have blended ?

Can artist paint the fiery glints
Of this quaint finger here beside it,
With amber nail — the lustrous tints,
A thousand Partagas have dyed it ?

“ And this old silver patched affair ? ”
Well, sir, that meerschaum has its reasons
For showing marks of time and wear ;
For in its smoke through fifty seasons

My grandsire blew his cares away !
And, then, when done with life's sojourning,
At seventy-five dropped dead one day,
That pipe between his set teeth burning !

“ Killed him ? ” No doubt ! it's apt to kill
In fifty years' incessant using —
Some twenty pipes a day. And still,
On that ripe, well filled lifetime musing,

I envy oft so bright a part —
To live as long as life's a treasure ;

To die of— not an aching heart,
But— half a century of pleasure !

Well, well ! I'm boring you, no doubt ;
How these old memories will undo one—
I see you've let your weed go out—
That's wrong ! Here, light yourself a new one !

MY CIGARETTE.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

MY cigarette ! The amulet
That charms afar unrest and sorrow ;
The magic wand that far beyond
To-day, can conjure up to-morrow.
Like love's desire, thy crown of fire
So softly with the twilight blending ;
And ah ! meseems, a poet's dreams
Are in thy wreaths of smoke ascending.

My cigarette ! Can I forget
How Kate and I, in sunny weather,
Sat in the shade the elm-tree made
And rolled the fragrant weed together ?
I at her side beatified,
To hold and guide her fingers willing ;
She rolling slow the paper's snow,
Putting my heart in with the filling.

My cigarette ! I see her yet,
The white smoke from her red lips curling,
Her dreaming eyes, her soft replies,
Her gentle sighs, her laughter purling !

Ah, dainty roll, whose parting soul
Ebbs out in many a snowy billow,
I too would burn if I could earn
Upon her lips so soft a pillow !

Ah, cigarette ! The gay coquette
Has long forgot the flames she lighted,
And you and I unthinking by
Alike are thrown, alike are slighted.
The darkness gathers fast without,
A rain-drop on my window plashes ;
My cigarette and heart are out,
And naught is left me but the ashes.

TIME'S REVENGE.

WALTER LEARNED.

WHEN I was ten and she fifteen —
Ah me, how fair I thought her !
She treated with disdainful mien
The homage that I brought her,
And, in a patronizing way
Would of my shy advances say :
“ It's really quite absurd, you see ;
He's very much too young for me.”

I'm twenty now ; she, twenty-five —
Well, well, how old she's growing !
I fancy that my suit might thrive
If pressed again ; but, owing
To great discrepancy in age,
Her marked attentions don't engage
My young affections, for, you see,
She's really quite too old for me.

ON THE FLY-LEAF
OF A BOOK OF OLD PLAYS.

WALTER LEARNED.

AT Cato's Head in Russell street
These leaves she sat a-stitching ;
I fancy she was trim and neat,
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her in the street below,
All powder, ruffs, and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces ;

While, filling many a Sedan chair
With hoop and monstrous feather,
In patch and powder London's fair
Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap
They sauntered slowly past her,
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap,
For Steele went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look,
Nor lord nor lady minding ;
She bent her head above this book,
Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,
Caught on her nimble fingers,
Was stitched within this volume, where
Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair ;
Wigs, powder, all out-dated ;
A queer antique, the Sedan chair ;
Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet as I turn these odd old plays,
This single stray lock finding,
I'm back in those forgotten days,
And watch her at her binding.

.

MARJORIE'S KISSES.

WALTER LEARNED.

MARJORIE laughs and climbs on my knee,
And I kiss her and she kisses me.
I kiss her, but I don't much care,
Because, although she is charming and fair,
Marjorie's only three.

But there will come a time, I ween,
When, if I tell her of this little scene,
She will smile and prettily blush, and then
I shall long in vain to kiss her again,
When Marjorie's seventeen.

LAST JULY.

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

SHE'S barely twenty, and her eyes
Are very soft and very blue ;
Her lips seem made for sweet replies,—
Perhaps they're made for kisses too ;
Her little teeth are white as pearl,
Her nose aspires to the sky ;
She really is a charming girl,
And I adored her — last July.

We danced and swam, and bowled and walked ;
She let me squeeze her finger tips ;
Entranced I listened when she talked,
And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.
I sent her roses till my purse
Was drained, I found, completely dry ;
I longed to sing her charms in verse—
But all of this was last July.

Of course at last we had to part ;
I saw a tear drop on her cheek ;
I left her with an aching heart,
And dreamt about her — for a week.

But out of sight is out of mind,
And somehow, as the time went by,
Much fainter I began to find
The memory of that last July.

July has come again at last ;
With summer gowns the rocks are gay ;
It seemed an echo of the past
To meet her on the rocks to-day.
She's even fairer than of yore,
And — yet I could not tell you why —
I find the girl an awful bore —
So long it is since last July.

MEA CULPA.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

THERE is a thing which in my brain,
 Though nightly I revolve it,
I cannot in the least explain,
 Nor do I hope to solve it.
While others tread the narrow path
 In manner meek and pious,
Why is it that my spirit hath
 So opposite a bias ?

I had no yearnings, when a boy,
 To sport an angel's wrapper ;
Nor heard I with tumultuous joy
 The church-frequenting clapper.
My action always harmonized
 With my own sweet volition ;
I always did what I devised,
 But rarely asked permission.

I went to school. To study ? No !
 I dearly loved to dally,
And dawdle over Ivanhoe,
 Tom Brown, and Charles O'Malley.

In recitation I was used
To halt on every sentence ;
Repenting, seldom I produced
Fruits proper for repentance.

At college later I became
Familiar with my Flaccus ;
Brought incense to the Muses' flame,
And sacrificed to Bacchus.
I flourished in an air unfraught
With sanctity's aroma ;
Learned many things I was not taught,
And captured a diploma.

I am not well provided for,
I have no great possessions ;
I do not like the legal or
Medicinal professions.
Were I of good repute, I might
Take orders as a deacon ;
But I'm no bright and shining light,
But just a warning beacon.

Though often urged by friends sincere
To wed a funded houri,
I cannot read my title clear
To any damsel's dowry ;
And could to wedlock I induce
An heiress, I should falter,
For fear that such a bridal noose
Might prove a gilded halter.

My tradesmen have suspicious grown,
My friends are tired of giving ;
Upon the cold, cold world I'm thrown
To hammer out a living.
I fear that work before me lies;
Indeed, I see no option,
Unless perhaps I advertise —
“ An orphan for adoption.”

INFIRM.

EDWARD S. MARTIN.

"I WILL not go," he said, "for well
I know her eyes' insidious spell,
And how unspeakable he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.
I know a one idea man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts,
I know I'll think of nothing else."

"I care not though her teeth are pearls —
The town is full of nicer girls;
I care not though her lips are red —
It does not do to lose one's head;
I'll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her;
And then, how will she feel? " cried he,
And took his hat and went to see.

THE BALLADE OF THE ENGAGED
YOUNG MAN.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

O H, I am engaged to be married now,
And fondly dream of the happy day
When orange blossoms shall deck her brow ;
She's fixed the date for the month of May.
And yet to myself I softly say,
As her holiday presents go ding-a-ling
On the jeweler's flashing crystal tray,
" I wish I had put it off till spring ! "

As a prince I am merry, all allow ;
I'm like a bird in the hawthorn spray,
Or a clam when the tide is high, I vow,
Or a child with his latest toy at play.
Yet I have to think, as I coolly lay
My earnings down to hear Patti sing,
" Though my lady's an angel in every way,
I wish I had put it off till spring ! "

I dance and I romp and I wonder how
 I should ever be happy or blithe or gay,
 Did not Love with his sweets my heart endow —
 (He endowed when she said she'd be mine for aye)
 Yet when roses I get, or the bright coupé,
 And down to the charity ball we wing,
 I fancy of sense I have not a ray,
 And wish I had put it off till spring!

ENVOI.

Young man, I am neither old nor gray;
 But I can inform you of just one thing:
 You'll chant, if you get her December "Yea,"
 "I wish I had put it off till spring!"

AN OLD BEAU.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FULL often I think in my trim swallow-tail,
At parties where flowers their fragrance exhale,
Of times when my pate was a bower of curls,
And I danced with the grandmas of all the dear girls.

I look on the charms that their beauties unfold —
They seem the same damsels while I have grown old.
I feel like white winter without a warm ray ;
They look like the roses that blossom in May.

But winter may look with its shiver and chill
Through the windows at flowers that bloom on the sill,
And I may ask Edith with ringlets of jet
If she will dance with me the next minuet.

I go to all parties, receptions, first nights,
I'm a merry old bird in my fanciful flights ;
I may look, like the winter, a snowy old thing,
But deep in my heart dwells the spirit of spring.

I know that I am not as old as I look,
My voice has no crack and my back has no crook ;
And happy I'd be if May, Maud, and Lucille
Would treat me as one who's as young as I feel.

AN APRIL MAID.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

TRIPPING through the April breeze
In a kirtle blue,
Brighter blossom mellow bees
Ne'er in summer woo.

From her little scarlet mouth
Rills of song are gliding,
Ballads of the balmy South
In her memory biding.

She is winsome, she is shy,
Clad in sweet apparel;
Like the song of Lorelei
Floats her dainty carol.

Round about her wayward hair
Tricksy fairies hover,
Tripping sunbeams unaware —
Who could choose but love her !

Up and down her velvet cheek
Dimples chase her blushes,
Will she listen if I speak
When her carol hushes ?

Be my fate or drear or bright,
 Soon, ah soon, I'll know it ;
If I may not be her knight,
 Still I'll be her poet.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

HER dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaus.

Her boots are slim and neat,—
She is vain about her feet
It is said.
She amputates her r's,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night
With a fleece cloud of white
Round her hair —
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette
Whom I sing :

On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beans
 To her string.

But let all of that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly
 Dew empearled ;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
 In the world.

TO A SLIPPER.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

TO this complexion has your faded satin
With much ill usage come at last, and so
You stand in haughty silence on my mantle,
A high-heeled slipper with a pointed toe.
Does there still linger in your dainty creases
Some faint, dim flutterings of soft regret
For gay young hearts that once beat time so wildly,
Watching you tripping through the minuet?

What of sweet faces brave in rouge and patches,
And powdered heads and men in smalls arrayed,
Half mad with admiration at your glancing
From quilted petticoat and stiff brocade?
What of soft eyes, round arms, and burning blushes?
What of the gallant Tory in nankeen
Who made such fine remarks that evening, walking
Along the Battery to Bowling Green?

What of the catches trolled, the treasonous ballads,
The brilliant wit about the steaming bowl
Of Christmas punch? Ah! surely such bright memories
Must still be stored within your leather sole.

And tell me, was not that the gladdest scene, and merriest
Of all the many scenes you moved among —
The day that Polly Henderson was married in you,
When slipper only held its satin tongue?

AT MRS. MILLIDOR'S.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

I WAS down at the Millidors' Thursday,—
They receive on that evening, you know,—
And could hardly have chosen a worse day,
With the slush, and the rain, and the snow;
But the parlors were filled to o'erflowing,—
Lots of people you know, I presume,—
But I thought it was dull, and was going,
When Ethel came into the room.

There was Mrs. Fitz-Simmons de Brown there,
Who gave such a dinner last fall;
And every one else in the town there,
Who's really worth knowing at all:
Miss Tinsel, considered a Hebe
By people who know or assume—
You'd have wondered how ever could she be
When Ethel came into the room.


There was fat Mrs. Space and a lady
(A widow that never wore weeds)
Hinting somebody's past was too shady:
Miss Slur, sowing venomous seeds;

Miss Wilted, sarcastic and spiteful,
Putting Dowager Dash in a fume:
How odd they should be so delightful
When Ethel came into the room.

Of course there were long recitations,
Some songs sprinkled in here and there,
Not to mention the minor vexations
One had to look pleased at and bear;
Spout, primed with those verses from Browning
He'll recite till the trumpet of doom:
Ah! he was the only one frowning
When Ethel came into the room.

A girl with a mournful expression
Was speaking a dolorous thing—
A horrible sort of confession
Of dead hopes and years taken wing.
She had throttled a passion: 'twas fearful
How the corpse would stalk out of its tomb;
But it seemed, on the whole, rather cheerful
When Ethel came into the room.

The dowagers' wrinkled old faces
Grew older by ten years or more,
The color of costly old laces,
The rest not a bit as before.
In the air was a sound as the humming
Of bees, and a subtle perfume
Then I knew ere I looked she was coming,
When Ethel came into the room.



But there's always a fly in the ointment,
The lute has a rift, as a rule;
Joy brings in its train disappointment,
And tears choke the jest of the fool;
So I thought of that swell marriage lately,
Where gouty old Croesus was groom,
As he ambled behind her sedately
When Ethel came into the room.



BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER.

SYDNEY HERBERT PIERSON.

THROUGH murky panes of dusty glass
Where swarm slow, sleepy flies, I gaze
Down on the street. Like burnished brass
The stones reflect the sun's hot rays ;
I hear the heavy-laden drays
Go rumbling through the dust and dirt ;
In thought I see the cliffs and bays
At Newport or at Mount Desert.

At length upon the breeze-swept grass
I watch the ocean through the haze,
And one besides, whose smiles surpass
All nature's wiles. The sea-wind plays
Among her locks. A nymph who strays,
Blue-jerseyed, in a kilted skirt.
Ah me ! the hearts she snares and slays
At Newport or at Mount Desert.

BALLADE OF MIDSUMMER.

Time flies no more for me, alas !
He only comes and idly stays,
Too warm to make the moments pass
And hurry on vacation's days ;
While tantalizing fancies raise
Cool dreams of beaches ocean-girt,
Beyond the city's busy maze,
At Newport or at Mount Desert.

ENVOY.

Fate, lead me by those summer ways
Where happy mortals dance and flirt,
And thou shalt have thy meed of praise
At Newport or at Mount Desert.

IF.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

O H, if the world were mine, Love,
I'd give the world for thee !
Alas ! there is no sign, Love,
Of that contingency.

Were I a king,— which isn't
To be considered now,—
A diadem had glistened
Upon that lovely brow.

Had fame with laurels crowned me,—
She hasn't, up to date,—
Nor time nor change had found me
To love and thee ingrate.

If Death threw down his gage, Love,
Though life is dear to me,
I'd die, e'en of old age, Love,
To win a smile from thee.

But being poor, we part, dear,
And love, sweet love, must die ;
Thou wilt not break thy heart, dear,
No more, I think, shall I !

DON'T.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

YOUR eyes were made for laughter;
Sorrow befits them not;
Would you be blithe hereafter,
Avoid the lover's lot.

The rose and lily blended
Possess your cheeks so fair;
Care never was intended
To leave his furrows there.

Your heart was not created
To fret itself away,
Being unduly mated
To common human clay.

But hearts were made for loving —
Confound philosophy !
Forget what I've been proving,
Sweet Phyllis, and love me !

COQUETTE.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

"COQUETTE," my love they sometimes call,
For she is light of lips and heart :
What though she smile alike on all,
If in her smiles she knows no art ?

Like some glad brook she seemes to be,
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,
And prattles to each flower or tree,
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens white and blue
It purls and sings and laughs and leaps,
The sunny meadows dancing through
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps.

'Tis thus the world doth see the brook ;
But I have seen it otherwise
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the skies.

And there its waters rest, subdued,
In shadowy pools, serene and shy,
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood,
And tender dreams and longings lie.

I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love is better when at rest —
'Tis only in its tranquil deeps
I see my image in its breast !

TWO TRIOLETS.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

What he said.

THIS kiss upon your fan I press —
Ah! Sainte Nitouche, you don't refuse it!
And may it from its soft recess —
This kiss upon your fan I press —
Be blown to you, a shy caress,
By this white down, whene'er you use it.
This kiss upon your fan I press,—
Ah, Sainte Nitouche, you *don't* refuse it!

What she thought.

To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!
The stupid man
To kiss a fan
When he knows — that — he — can—
Or ought to know it —
To kiss a fan!
What a poky poet!

APPROPRIATION.

HARRISON ROBERTSON.

ONE day, one balmy "day of days,"
I fortunately found her
Down in the sweet old garden's maze,
Hid by its bloom around her.
She stood beneath the apple-tree,
Against it idly leaning,
Gazing with eyes that did not see,
A-dream with subtle meaning.

She stood in snowy stuff bedight,
Her lips a rose caressing,
Against the tree one nude and white
Round arm her cheek was pressing.
Rich-favored tree — its boughs above
In flaky banks were blowing,
Which, at the nearness of my love,
In tender pink were glowing.

I paused, yet loth to spoil the scene,
Content to thus adore her ;
And then the shrubbery between
I made my way before her.

A start — the slightest did it seem
To me — such was my greeting.
Ah ! had I been part of that dream
Which scarcely yet was fleeting ?

“ I come into your life, my dear,
As in your dream,” I told her.
“ I love you, and your place is here ” —
“ Here ” being next my shoulder.
Her place was there, her face was there
Within her hands all hidden ;
And on her rippling, sunny hair
I pressed a kiss unchidden.

How sweet, among the apple-trees,
The silent spell that bound us,
With naught but languid bloom and bees
And mating birds around us !
“ You have not said you love me yet,”
At last I whispered to her.
She raised her eyes — ah ! were they wet ? —
And as I nearer drew her,

Within their tender depths I read
The answer I'd entreated ;
No words of lips could have unsaid
What those soft eyes repeated.
And then, with coy, maternal air,
She smiled and touched my forehead,
“ And, Jack, you must not comb your hair
So high,” she said — “ it's horrid ! ”

TO A CHINESE IDOL.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ONCE you ruled, a god divine,
In a sacred shady shrine,
Near a river dark as wine,
 'Mid the trees;
And to you the mandarins,
With their smooth unshaven chins,
Prayed absolution from their sins
 On their knees.

Tiny-footed Chinese maids,
With their raven hair in braids,
Sought you in your quiet shades
 'Neath the boughs;
Haply for a thousand years
You beheld their smiles and tears,
Listened to their hopes and fears
 And their vows.

Now above her escritoire
In my lady's pink boudoir,
Ever dumbly pining for
 Lost repose,

You sit stolid, day by day,
With your cheeks so thin and gray,
Stony eyes and *retroussé*
Little nose.

Where the sunlight glinteth o'er
Persian rug and polished floor,
You will frown forevermore,
Grim as hate;
A divinity cast down,
Having neither shrine nor crown,
Once a god, but now a brown
Paper-weight!

AT THE LETTER-BOX.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

C LAD in the gem of frocks,
By the green letter-box,
With her short wavy locks
Bound by no fetter,

Musing I see her stand,
Raise her arm slowly, and
Drop from a slender hand
One little letter.

I can't acquaintance claim,
Know not her tender name,
Yet will my fancy frame
Romances of her.

That the neat *billet-doux*,
Perfumed — of creamy hue,
So lately lost to view
Is to her lover.

Somehow I seem to feel
That he made strong appeal,
Said he'd be "true as steel,"
Ever her "Harry";

But that she bade him wait,
Called him precipitate,
Hinted her happy fate —
Never to marry.

This is her answer. This,
Weighted with woe or bliss
(Much in parenthesis
Many lines under),

Borne from its dark recess,
Soon will its all confess ;
Will it be "no," or "yes?" —
Which one, I wonder?

ROSE LEAVES.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WITHIN this fragile urn by chance
I found them, void of scent and faded,
Reminders of a sweet romance
That budded, bloomed, and died as they did.

The years have flown in swallow flight
Since last we met, and I incensed her ;
Her eyes have lost their laughing light,
And Time has long conspired against her.

Here let them lie — the once admired —
A food for idle contemplation,
Dead as the passion they inspired,
The ashes of an old flirtation.

A HOLIDAY IDYL.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

FROM the crowd and the crush of the ball-room
I wandered with Winifred, where,
In the dimness and dusk of a small room
That oped at the foot of the stair
(Apart from the quibble and quarrel
Of the throng with its smile and its frown),
The lords of the lyre and the laurel
Looked placidly down.

We talked in a lull 'twixt the dances,
That frolicsome holiday time,
Of parties and plays and romances,
Till we drifted at last into "rhyme."
And I heard her,—supremest of pleasures,—
With clear modulation repeat
From Aldrich my favorite measures,
Surpassingly sweet.

A murmurous ripple of laughter
Broke in when I called them divine;
She paused for a moment, and after,
She quoted a ditty of mine,—

A love-song, which, though I concealed it,
Set all of my pulses astir,
And which, though I ne'er had revealed it,
Was written to her.

What was it ? — the hour with its glamour,
The perfume, the lights burning low,
The violins' rhythmical clamor,
The mellow and musical flow
Of her voice with its depth of expression
That led me to boldy confess ? —
Ah ! that and what followed confession,
I leave you to guess !

SET ONE.

DE WITT STERRY.

SHE was a rustic and gay coquette,
And he was a youngster just from town;
Together they stood by the tennis net
As the autumn sun was sinking down.

She in a flimsy, snowy gown
Dotted with patterns of violet —
While he in a blazer — gold and brown —
Explained the points of a 'vantage set.

She was a knowing and fair coquette,
And missed the balls with a shameless face;
With the faintest blush her ripe lips met
And "love" was called with charming grace,
Till the youth forgot to "cut" and "place,"
And played close up to the tempting net;
And one could tell 'twas a simple case
The moment the youth had called her "pet."

He was a youth with a tender flame —
She was a pretty and bright coquette;
And who in the world should bear the blame,
And who in the world should fume and fret?
There was never a word of "play" and "let,"
And each of them held an equal claim —
While she avers he won the set,
He frankly admits she won a game.

AN OLD GLOVE.

DE WITT STERRY.

FOND girl, these tiny slips of kid
Once your dear, dimpled digits hid,
And to your elbow pretty
They climbed without the least alarm ;
Or was it that they thought your arm
The fairest in the city ?

One finger's gone — the middle right :
I use it, dear, when I indite
My rhymes by yellow tapers,
To shield my finger-nail from ink ;
How would you fare if you — just think ! —
Lived on the comic papers ?

That night ! Can I forget that night ?
Again I see the candlelight,
And hear the rippling laughter ;
How many plates I passed between
The openings in that teakwood screen !
How soon I followed after !

I knew you feigned that stern surprise,
I knew it by your twinkling eyes ;
Besides, you know your chatter

Fell on a fascinated ear
That time I bent my lips—my dear,
I'll never breathe the matter.

But I've grown careless of my loves,
And am as bad at crossing gloves
As turning off a sonnet.
The sight of it just made me grow
A trifle warm, my dear, and so
I penned these verses on it.

BALLADE OF BARRISTERS.

(*Irregular.*)

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

TO the shy, sweet face that I saw this morning,
I toss this kiss from my window-sill,
And mayhap my partner will give me warning
If I shove not quicker my gray goose-quill.
I've twenty folios yet to fill.
So it's Blue Eyes, Down ! till this deed is drawn ;
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

From seal and parchment and dust-covered papers,
My thoughts fly back to her — *willy nil*.
I lunch at Cable's on lamb and capers,
And a secret bumper I drain with Phil,
And I smile when he leaves me to pay the bill.
Oh, it's Blue Eyes, Down ! till this deed is drawn ;
For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

My office is no conservatory ;
 Its walls are like blanks for a clerk to fill ;
 But that mignonette, jasmine, and morning-glory
 The charms of a whole hot-house would kill —
 In the white vase there, on the window-sill.
 But it's Blue Eyes, Down ! till this deed is drawn ;
 For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
 And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

ENVOY.

Barristers ! with brief-bags to fill,
 It's Blue Eyes, Down ! till the deeds are drawn ;
 For Maiden Lane's not a lover's lawn,
 And the rattle of Broadway never is still.

RIVALS.

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

JENNY, how many songs you've chased away!
To love, I own, is better far than singing.
A host of rhymes surrendered, dear, to-day,
Or perished in a peal of laughter ringing.

For how am I, by any dreamt-of means,
To write an Ode to Progress while you're smiling?
Or tell of orange-groves, or dreamy scenes
Of distant climes, with your sweet voice beguiling?

I've seen the Attic marbles' tinted grace,
And swung in hammocks 'neath a palace rafter,
But can I match a temple with your face,
Or weep for Pan before your mocking laughter?

If Pan is dead, you're very much alive!
And my rapt flights you are forever stopping!
I must be wary if I'd fill my hive,
And woo the Muse when you have gone out shopping!

AT BAR HARBOR.

S. DECATUR SMITH.

THEY accuse me of flirting with Harry,
Who hasn't a cent to his name,
And certainly don't mean to marry;
Such slander's a sin and a shame.

They say I've been often seen walking
With Harry alone on the rocks;
We've been seen on the sand sitting talking,
Regardless of custom — and frocks.

They say we were walking together
The day of that trip to the lake;
And our losing our way in the heather,
They're certain was *not* a mistake.

At Rodick's, they frequently mention,
When laughter is noisy and loud,
We, with care to attract no attention,
Slip quietly off from the crowd.

One nasty old tabby's reported
She *saw* him one evening last week
(Good gracious! how truth is distorted!)
Press a kiss on my too-willing cheek.

Such stories as these are invention ;
The truth in them simply is *nil*.
If I have done the things that they mention,
It *wasn't* with Harry — 'twas Will !

A WOMAN'S WEAPONS.

S. DECATUR SMITH.

THERE'S a smile, and a glance, and a blush, and a sigh,
And perhaps, on occasion, a tear ;

There's a delicate touch of a hand, on the sly,
And a flower she may wear when *he's* near ;

There's a note in her voice that but one may awake,
And a gleam in her blue (or brown) eye ;

There's a kiss on her lip that *some* fellow may take
(Now why the deuce isn't it *I* ?) ;

There's the turn of an ankle, the size of a waist,
And the way that she does up her hair ;

There's the fit of a glove, and, according to taste,
The tint of the dress she may wear ;

There are words that are often but semi-expressed,
And some are hid others below ;

For instance, a "yes" may be frequently guessed
Through a clearly reversible "no."

Yet her infinite change is her strongest of arms,
As the song says, "*Femme souvent varie* ;"

But what does she want with such numberless charms,
When *one* of them finishes me ?

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

HENRY B. SMITH.

ALICE has gone to confession.
What has the girl to confess ?
What little idle transgression
Causes my sweetheart distress ?
Is it her fondness for dress
That needs a priest's intercession,
And brings that pensive expression
Into her eyes' loveliness ?
What has the maid to confess ?

Is it some little flirtation,
Ending perhaps in a kiss ?
Mine be the sin's expiation,
If I but shared in its bliss.
Is it a trifle like this,
Seeking its justification ?
Was it a rash exclamation
Some one has taken amiss ?
Was it a trifle like this ?

She who lives always so purely
Cannot so gravely transgress.
One who can smile so demurely
Cannot have much to confess.

Let me for pardon address,
For I am guiltier, surely.
Sin your small sins, then, securely ;
If it is I that they bless,
Mine be the task to confess.

MY MAUSOLEUM.

HENRY B. SMITH.

IT is a crypt, this cabinet ;
A love affair is buried here ;
Its requiem a faint regret,
And scented letters for a bier.
Its wreaths, dead roses interlaced
With memories of ball and *fête*,
While for a headstone I have placed
A portrait in a paper-weight.

Here lie, as ashes in an urn,
A verse or two I learned to quote,
The notes I had no heart to burn,
Our letters,— what a lot we wrote ! —
A silken tress of sunny strands,
A ribbon that I used to prize,
A glove,— she had such tiny hands,—
A miniature with deep, dark eyes.

'Tis with a smile I view to-day
The relics in this cabinet.
When Love is dead and laid away
We mourn a little, then forget.
The verses quite have left my mind.
Her rose, her glove, her pictured eyes,
Her letters, are to dust consigned ;
Their fitting epitaph, " Here — *lies*."

A MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

HENRY B. SMITH.

HAVE you heard what they are saying
O'er the walnuts and the wine,
Secrets eagerly betraying
About your affairs and mine ?
Foes and friends receive attention
From each chatting beau and belle,
And they casually mention
That Marie has "married well."

"Married well!" Ah, that's expressive,
And from it we understand
That the bridegroom has excessive
Stores of ducats at command.
Is he good? He has his vices!
Has he brains? We scarce can tell.
Handsome? Hardly! It suffices,
If Marie has married well.

Does she love him? Love's a passion,
Childish in this latter day.
She will dress in height of fashion,
And her bills he'll promptly pay.
Does he love her? Wildly, madly!
Since he bought his trotter "Nell,"
He has welcomed naught as gladly;
Yes, Marie has married well.

Is she happy? That's a trifle;
Happiness is bought and sold;
And she readily can stifle
Love she used to know of old.
Well she knows a heart is broken;
As for her's — she cannot tell;
But her bridal vows are spoken,
And Marie has married well.

In this game one should give heeding
To the stakes, not gentle arts;
And, when diamonds are leading,
Where's the use of playing hearts?
I congratulate her gladly;
But the wish I can't dispel
That most girls may marry badly,
If Marie has married well.

"THE MORNING AFTER."

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

I HEARD a rustle in the hall,
Where erst we stood 'mid waning tapers ;
She met me in her breakfast-shawl,
Her crimps all twisted in curl-papers ;
The night before she looked a queen
In satin sheen and fluffy laces,
But now just where the rouge had been
Her powder-puff had left its traces.

Beneath the blazing chandelier
I felt so shy and she so wary,
My brain reeled with a sudden fear
That she might prove a lissome fairy
And vanish in a golden dream,
On gauzy wings, if zephyrs wooed her,
Away from aught that she might deem
The hateful bane of gross intruder.

Alas ! a tantalizing shade,
A cheat, she was, a vain delusion !
Is beauty ever thus to fade ?
My mind has reached this sad conclusion.
" Oh, face of nature, always true,"
The poet sang who never chaffed her ;
But, lovely women, ye are few
Whose faces lure " the morning after."

TO A JAPANESE BABY.

HENRY TYRRELL.

YOU dwell in a dove-cote, where tinkle
The ornaments hung from the eaves,
Strange trees shade it ; blossoms besprinkle
The dark plummy leaves.

Tea-garden and temple and fountain,
From out the wide window you view ;
And yonder, the snow-crested mountain
High up in the blue.

On bending your baby eyes nearer,
Where slumbers the still-watered moat,
You watch, like rose leaves on a mirror,
The lotos blooms float.

Your face is as brown as a berry,
In outline as round as a rose ;
Black slits of eyes, wakefully merry,
Slant down to your nose.

Your head, like a friar's, is shaven —
How droll ! not a hair can one find,
Except the tuft, black as a raven,
That's twisted behind.

Around your form airily flutter
 Fantastic and bright-colored "things";
You look like a gorgeous, rare butter-
 Fly, resting its wings.

You've soft mats to romp on and tumble;
 Of furniture, though, there's not much;
No breakage, to make grown folks grumble—
 No caution, "Don't touch!"

Your world is so simple and sunny,
 So pleasing and quaint to the eye—
No wonder your plump face grows funny,
 But never can cry.

We love you, Babe Bric-à-brac, dearly,
 Though ne'er have we been to Japan;
We know your wee dimpled face—merely
 Through this painted fan.

MITTENS.

HENRY TYRRELL.

PURE frost winds, on the winter's eve,
 You play among my lady's tresses,
And pink as apple-bloom you leave
 The cheeks that take your light caresses ;
But from her little hands begone !
 By you they'll not be kissed nor bitten,
For over each is snugly drawn —
 A tiny pale-blue mitten.

The slender, perfume-haunted glove,
 Erstwhile that hid her lily fingers,
Is not the shield that most they love,
 Whereon a pressure honest lingers.
More shy, confiding, tender, true,
 And softer than two curled-up kittens,
Are those dear dainty twins of blue,
 My lady's little mittens.

Once at the play, when lights were low,
 And down had dropped the great green curtain,
I took her hand ; we turned to go ;
 Her fingers clasped o'er mine, I'm certain.

That sudden thrill I feel again,
That never could be told or written,
Whene'er I see or touch, as then,
Her downy little mitten.

Some memories those mittens hold,
And secrets, might one coax confession,
Ah, dearer than a gage of gold
I'd count if I could gain possession ;
Yet ask her I shall never dare,
Nor tell her how my heart is smitten,
For fear, in answer to my prayer,
She might " give me the mitten."

MIS-MATCHED.

HENRY TYRRELL.

ONCE —'twas years ago — I found me
Moved by magic strange ;
All accustomed earth around me,
Dreamlike, felt the change.
Berthe was fair. I learned to love her
As a flower might do —
For a moment's fondness of her
Fain had withered, too,
Such love, love does not discover ;
And she never knew.
Though to none could she be dearer,
Though my heart was far sincerer
Than the hearts of men,
What could come of all this loving ?
I was only ten.

Her eyes, full-orbed and tender,
Drop their curtains fine
With a timid half surrender,
Now, at glance of mine.

Praise, that elsewhere I seek vainly,
 Tempts a soft reply,
Or she says, "I like you," plainly ;
 Edith is not shy.
I but jest and laugh inately,
 Or repress a sigh.
Yes, I throw away the treasure
(Not without a sense of pleasure,
 And a touch of pain).
What can come of all this loving ?
 She is only ten.

HER FIRST TRAIN.

A. E. WATROUS.

MUSES and Graces appear !
Fountain Pierian flow !
Greuze in the spirit be near !
Aid me, O shade of Watteau !
Ancients and moderns a-row,
Strike me your worthiest strain,
Little my theme do I know —
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

Ah ! in my heart there is fear,
Chill in its coming as snow ;
She who approacheth me here,
Stately and sweeping and slow —
Could I have romped with her ? No.
This duchess ? oh, dream most profane !
All that was decades ago —
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

How shall I suit her? It's clear
Battledore, racquet, and bow
Barred are and banned. In this sphere,
Certes, I'm somewhat *de trop*;
Still, we accustomed may grow,
Standing-ground common regain,
Even if — presage of woe! —
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

L'ENVOI.

Comrades, to friend and to foe
Thus my changed bearing explain.
Say: "If aught's turned him a beau,
'Tis the young lady's First Train."

OLD BOHEMIANS.

A. E. WATROUS.

EHEU fugaces ! where are they ?
The creeping day, the flying night,
The warmth, the color, clamor, light —
Friend of the scythe and hour-glass say
Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?
The songs we sang, the cups we quaffed,
The eyes that shone, the lips that laughed —
Old mower, went they by your way ?
Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?
The lights that lined the lonely street,
When homeward tripped the dainty feet
That fled against the glance of day —
Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

Eheu fugaces ! where are they
Who walked the ward, who trod the court ?
Stout fellows all for toil or sport ;
Ah, who shall break then he shall pay —
Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

The old jaw drops, the old veins freeze;

And where is Lil and where's Louise,

Whose kisses made a "yes " of "nay"—

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ?

We've made our running, tossed our dice,

And Time's are loaded. In a trice—

Perhaps a year, perhaps a day—

They'll ask: " The garrulous and gray,

Eheu fugaces ! where are they ? "

THE DUET.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I WAS smoking a cigarette ;
Maud, my wife, and the tenor McKey
Were singing together a blithe duet,
And days it were better I should forget
Came suddenly back to me :
Days when life seemed a gay masque ball,
And to love and be loved was the sum of it all.
As they sang together, the whole scene fled,—
The room's rich hangings, the sweet home air,
Stately Maud, with her proud blonde head,
And I seemed to see in her place instead
A wealth of blue black hair,
And a face, ah ! your face,—yours, Lisette,
A face it were wiser I should forget.
We were back — well, no matter when or where ;
But you remember, I know, Lisette —
I saw you, dainty and débonnaire,
With the very same look that you used to wear
In the days I should forget ;
And your lips, as red as the vintage we quaffed,
Were pearl-edged bumpers of wine when you laughed.